Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.
Nor. Why is he not with the Queene?
Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forſooke the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and diſperſt
The Houſhold of the King.
Nor. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when we laſt ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed Traytor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to Ravenſpurgh,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of Hereford,
And ſent me over by Barkely, to diſcover
What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Ravenſpurgh.
Nor. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy?)
Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did looke on him.
Nor. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.
Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes ſhall ripen, and confirme
To more approved ſervice and deſert.
Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percy*, and be ſure
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with my love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true loves recompence,
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
Nor. How farre is it to Barkley? and what ſtirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his men of warre?
Percy. There ſtands the Caſtle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of Name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſſe, and Willoughby.

Nor. Here comes the Lords of *Roſſe*, and *Willoughby*,
Bloody

Bloody with ſpurring, fiery red with haſt.
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your love purſues
A baniſht Traytor; all my Treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love, and labours recompence.
Roſ. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt Noble Lord.
Wil. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it,
Bul. Evermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

Nor. It is my Lord of *Barkely* as I gueſſe.
Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my meſſage is to you.
Bul. My Lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,
And I muſt find that Title in your Towne,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.
Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in perſon. My Noble Vncle.
Yor. Shew me thy humble Heart, and not thy Knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe,
Bul. My gracious Vncle.
Yor. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vncle me,
I am no Traytors Vncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch the duſt of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peacefull Boſome,
Frighting her pale fac'd Villages with Warre,

And